The Builder.

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FOLLOWING out the course we have taken from the first in respect of the two archæological societies, which, by the way, ought unquestionably to be but *one*, we attended both the recent meetings in the country, although, thanks to the bad feeling or the bad management somewhere, which fixed them at the same time, only for a part of the week, and that at no trifling inconvenience. Salisbury is 96 miles in one direction, and Chester 180 miles in another, but a will brings a way, and the rail makes all easy. We have already given our readers the heads of some of the papers read on architectural subjects, and in our present number will be found one on Chester Cathedral. Without attempting a continuous account of the proceedings, which would interest only a portion of our readers, and absorb all the space we can afford to the matter, we will throw together some of the jottings in our note-book, made during the trip, with reference rather to places than proceedings.

Willis rightly abused Wyatt, as our readers have seen, for his abominable deeds in *Salisbury Cathedral*,—screens destroyed, monuments mixed, and chapels pulled down. The interior of this cathedral is greatly inferior in interest and beauty to the exterior. Mitford, in his letters on the "Principles of Design," wherein he examines Salisbury Cathedral at some length, comes to the conclusion that pointed architecture is unsuited to the production of fine exteriors, and that the attention of those who designed the vast buildings of the Middle Ages was less given to the outside than to the in. How he could have arrived at this with reference especially to Salisbury is singular, since this building looked at alone would justify exactly the reverse conclusion. The outline of the mass is beautiful, pyramidizing upwards, and terminating in that wonderful tower and spire, piercing the sky.

Some repairs to the top of the spire are now going on, and a slight scaffolding surrounds the apex. This spire affords a striking proof of the goodness of Chilmark stone, properly selected.

The west front of the cathedral is less good in detail than other portions, and it affords a curious example of *sham* architecture, of which the mediæval architects were not often guilty. A considerable portion of this front is but a mask, and windows are introduced in what is merely a blank wall.

The Chapter-house is a gem; the miserable state of it is much to be deplored. It is an octagon, on plan, with a central shaft, and this shaft is about 9 inches out of an upright. The stone-work generally is in a dreadful state of dilapidation, the carvings are fast disappearing, and the singular tile pavement is scarcely distinguishable. With an industry and skill highly honourable, Lord Alwyne Compton has made a drawing on a large scale of this pavement, as it would appear restored.*

A plan for the restoration of the Chapter-house was prepared some time ago, but seems to be in abeyance. The central column was to have been taken out and rebuilt, the stone-work generally repaired, flying buttresses added outside, so as to admit of the removal of a net-work of iron-rods at the springing of the vaulting, and a stained glass window put up in the side opposite the entrance. The estimated cost was 5,000*l*.

We sincerely hope that no time will be suffered to elapse before the works are commenced.

In the cathedral there are several very well executed modern monuments, by Mr. Osmond, an inhabitant of the place, whose works we have before this had occasion to mention.* One of the most recent is a mural tablet of novel form, from a sketch by Mr. Pugin, in memory of Lieut. William Fisher, who fell at Moodkee.

The end of the north transept of the cathedral appears much rent, and the same may be said of the east end. A survey is desirable.

A small Roman Catholic church has been recently built in Salisbury by the architect last named. It is in the decorated style, and consists of nave, south aisle, with a small tower at the west end of it, chancel, and chapel of the Virgin, at the east end of aisle. At the back of this chapel is the sacristy, and over the latter is placed the organ. The ceiling of the chancel is richly painted, red, white, and gold, on a blue ground. The pulpit is very small and low, simply a stone desk, slightly elevated: it stands in the north-east angle of the nave. The whole is designed with skill. The tower here has settled down, and has caused some serious rents.

The determination which has been come to, to raise the fallen stones at *Stonehenge*, that mysterious monument of the misty past, is a good one. There is of course to be no imaginary restoration, but those stones which have fallen within the memory of man are to be raised into their original position. It is desirable, too, that others which show a tendency to fall, should be looked to and set upright. The Dean of Westminster, when the Institute visited this curious temple, offered some general observations upon it, and in the course of his remarks made a work upon this monument by Mr. Browne, the subject of jest and merriment. The son of the writer, who now holds a lower station, and maintains a family by selling copies of a model of the monument executed by his father, was present, and went his way with a weary step and a heavy heart. The memory of his father, held by him in the deepest respect and reverence, had been outraged. This has caused a correspondence in the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, and we doubt not will lead the dean to heal the wound he, perhaps unwittingly, gave.†

Silbury Hill has again baffled the investigators,—it has evidently no sympathy with bores. A tunnel has been cut to the centre, but nothing has been discovered. It ought not, however, yet to be inferred that further examination is useless.

Every one has heard of *Wilton House*, and the relics of ancient art garnered within its walls. The Hon. Sidney Herbert, considering, as he said, that those who are *by accident* the occupiers of such residences are only trustees of a great national establishment, threw it open to the members, and with his beautiful wife,—the Queen of Wilton, as the neighbourhood in their admiration call her,—entertained them hospitably.

The collection of sculptures here was commenced by Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, at the close of the last century: the Arundel marbles forming the nucleus. The principal of the Giustiniani marbles and of the Mazzarine collection, when broken up, were purchased to increase it, and others were brought from Naples. Mr. Charles Newton, of the British Museum, made a critical review of the sculptures, and demolished the reputation of many of them with an unsparing hand. The host, however, took it all in good part,—seeking the truth.

Inigo Jones designed Wilton House, and Mr. Gwilt, in his *Encyclopædia*, says those who have seen it "can appreciate Inigo's merit for having introduced into England, in the seats of our aristocracy, a style vieing with that of the villas of Italy." We were not there long enough to find this out for ourselves. Some disagreement appears to have arisen between Jones and the Earl of Pembroke, and in the Harleian Library, it seems, there is an edition of Jones's "Stonehenge," on which the Earl in question, to whom it formerly belonged, has written much abuse of the author, calling him "Iniquity Jones," and anything but an honest man.

In the reign of George the Second, the well-known amateur architect, Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, did much to improve Wilton, and built the Palladian bridge, in the beautiful gardens there. A right pleasant stroll we had over it, with some pretty specimens of "Early English," who could discuss "style" in more applications of the word than one.

The new Byzantine church at Wilton, with its detached campanile, mosaic pavements, and pulpit; stained glass, of varied worth; polychromatized apses, and reredos of marble columns, was of course visited; and the architect, Mr. Wyatt, who was there, had to reply to all sorts of questions, and, as a matter of course, all sorts of objections. This sumptuous evidence of Mr. Herbert's piety and

* The drawing was exhibited in the temporary museum formed in the "King's House," an interesting building of the Tudor period, which is about to be restored, for the purposes of a training school.

* The collection of gravestones and crosses by his son, "Christian Memorials," by W. Osmond, Jun., is now finished, and will be found useful. It is published by Masters, of Aldersgate-street, in six parts.

† A writer in the *Journal* gives the following interesting notice of the author of the work in question:—"He was a man of limited means, but of respectable mental attainments, who had been early struck with the magnificence of the remains on Salisbury plain, and had imbibed a passion for the temple at Stonehenge as absorbing and as powerful as that felt by the young Parisienne for the Belvidere Apollo, or as any one of the Pygmalion-like instances of which so many are recorded. To this, and to its illustrative remains in the neighbourhood, all his thoughts were devoted. He lived under its shadow, he dreamed of it, he endeavoured to trace out the hidden mystery of its existence; he lectured upon its many wonders,—unfortunately he published a book about it: When engaged on his lectures to the members of the Literary Institution that existed some years since in Salisbury, he used to bring his drawings and make his arrangements in the morning, return to Amesbury to dinner, come back with more materials in the afternoon, read his lecture in the evening, and then again walk on his solitary road to Amesbury at night after the conclusion of the meeting, after having already walked five and twenty miles. But this persevering energy of his character was more particularly exemplified during the construction of his model of Stonehenge. Every stone was modelled on the spot, and the most minute variations in the original carefully noted in his copy. Day after day, and week after week, was he to be found among these memorials of old time, planning, measuring, modelling, painting in the prosecution of his self-prescribed task, and interrupted only by the necessity of sometimes visiting Salisbury for materials, which he bore home himself and on foot. The difficulty of making such a copy would not perhaps be great with proper assistance, but this man worked wholly by himself, and we can imagine his self-gratulation on the completion of his labours, when he could exclaim, like the victor of Cornwall, 'Alone I did it!' But Mr. Browne, though he had completed his work, had not yet found for it a resting-place, and he determined to present it to the British Museum. It was accepted by the trustees with thanks, and its author chose to have the pleasure of placing it with his own hands in the great repository of the antiquities of the world. Unwilling to trust the model from his sight, and equally unwilling or unable to bear the expenses of the usual modes of travelling, he resolved to walk with it to London, and mounting his model on a wheel-barrow or hand-truck, he set off across the Plain with his charge. After a toilsome and almost continuous march of two days and nights for he only slept for a short time in the day' he arrived on the morning of the third day at the British Museum, showed the letter of the trustees to the porter, wheeled his load into the court-yard, and saw his model safely deposited in the house. He left without staying to be questioned, and was soon on his way home again: but, I believe, was detained some days on the road by illness, brought on by his exertions."

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